


WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

AND

G.I. COMBAT

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

TRAPPED UNDER FIRE

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Secret Red
Guns

TRUMPET OF
DOOM

Subterranean Ambush



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

How I Made a Small Fortune In Spare Time!

(WITHOUT SPENDING A PENNY)

The TRUE STORY of William Bergstrom of Illinois



IT CARRIED WHEN JIM WHITE PULLED UP IN HIS NEW CAR



I made \$88 EXTRA this week thanks to this terrific Selling Outfit!



No, but maybe BETTER! In a Mason Shoe Man in 10 hours you should see how people buy these shoes! Look, real AIR CUSHION innersoles!



Jim told me Mason sends a Selling Outfit FREE and shows how to make MONEY So I mailed a coupon. My wife was thrilled:



I started with friends, relatives, people whom I worked. EVERYBODY wants comfortable shoes!



Soon the Mason people sent me actual sample shoes, and sales came faster than ever!



My spare-time business grew by leaps and bounds. It was a cash getting outfit!



I soon had a business that brought me over \$3,000 EXTRA a year, plus cashing prizes. I found real security!



**Mail Coupon
For YOUR
FREE
Money-Making
Outfit!**

What would YOU do with \$3,000 EXTRA income a year? Thousands of men are making handsome extra incomes with Mason Shoe. You don't invest one cent...ever. You need no experience. We'll send you a complete Starting Outfit FREE! It features handsome line of over 175 styles in smart dress shoes, sporty casuals and fast-selling work shoes...and includes 10-second Air Cushion demonstrator, Measuring equipment, Money-making booklet, National ad...EVERYTHING you need to start making big money from your first hour!

If you want to give yourself a raise every month—with a steady-profit repeat-order business...if you want to be your own boss...just rush this coupon TODAY to Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. 307 Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. You'll receive your powerful FREE SALES OUTFIT right away!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. 307
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co.
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start making a small fortune in spare time! Rush my FREE SELLING OUTFIT with everything I need to start making money my first hour!

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
Town _____ State _____

G.I. COMBAT

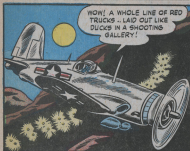
TRAPPED UNDER FIRE



CORPORAL WILLY KEE, THE ROK INTERPRETER ATTACHED TO DIVISION CP, AND SERGEANT ED BATES OF ITEM COMPANY, WERE PALS! WHEN A MARINE CORSAIR CRASHED BEHIND THE RED LINES CARRYING A SUPERSECRET NIGHT-FIGHTING INSTRUMENT ... SOMEBODY HAD TO GET UP THERE AND DESTROY IT BEFORE IT FELL INTO RED HANDS! WILLY AND ED VOLUNTEERED ... THOUGH THEY KNEW THEIR CHANCES OF GETTING BACK ALIVE WERE MAYBE ONE IN A THOUSAND... WITH PLENTY OF LUCK!

G.I. COMBAT

THE CORSAIR, CRUISING NORTH OF THE PUNCHBOWL, SPOTTED WHAT THE PILOT THOUGHT WAS AN EASY KILL!



WOW! A WHOLE LINE OF RED TRUCKS... LAID OUT LIKE DUCKS IN A SHOOTING GALLERY!

THE PILOT MADE HIS SCREAMING PASS FROM THE WEST HOLDING FIRE TO THE VERY LAST TO MAKE SURE OF HIS QUARRY!



WAIT UP YOU BUZZARDS! I'VE GOT A SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR YOU!

TOO LATE, THE PILOT SAW THAT HE HAD FALLEN FOR A RED FLAK TRAP... TRUCK LIGHTS SET UP ON FRAMES AS A DECOY TO LURE HIM DOWN!



YIIEE! I'VE BEEN HAD!



RANGER TO BEBOP! FLAK TRAP CAUGHT ME! I'M HIT BAD... AGHHH!

GOT... CLEAR! MUST... HIT... THE SILK! CANOPY... RELEASE...!



MADE IT!



IT DIDN'T BURN! GOT TO... REMEMBER... WHERE IT... WENT DOWN!



G.I. COMBAT



I'M DOWN SAFE SO FAR!
IF I CAN WORK MY WAY
SOUTH I'LL HIT OUR
LINES!

IT WAS DAWN WHEN THE WOUNDED
PILOT, NEAK FROM LOSS OF BLOOD
STUMBLED ONTO AN OUTPOST!

IT'S ONE OF OUR
FLYBOYS! GRAB
HIM, SAM!

GET ME... TO
HQ QUICK...!
IMPORTANT!



WITHIN TWO HOURS THE PILOT'S REPORT
HAD SET THE WHEELS OF COMMAND
IN MOTION!

IF THAT RADAR GADGET
FALLS INTO RED HANDS,
IT'LL BE MURDER!
WE NEED VOLUNTEERS
TO FIND THE WRECK
AND DESTROY THAT
INSTRUMENT!

WE DOIN'
ANYTHING
IMPORTANT
FOR A FEW
HOURS, SARGE?



THE
FRIENDSHIP
OF WILLY
KEE, ROK
INTERPRETER,
AND BIG
SGT. ED
BATES
WAS A
THING OF
FATE!

THE PILOT'S COORDINATES
PUT THE WRECK
SOMEWHERE WITH-
IN THIS AREA, IN
A ROCKY GULLY!
IT WON'T BE
EASY!

AW, WE'LL
FIND IT,
LIEUTENANT! IT
AND NILLY, WE LIKE
TO TAKE LONG WALKS
TOGETHER! YOU
LEAVE THAT GADGET
TO US!



A SHORT TIME LATER..

THAT LOOIE, HE TALKED
LIKE HE NEVER
FIGURED TO SEE
US GET BACK!

AN, LOOIES ALLUS GOT
SCREWY IDEAS, WILLY! HE'S
JUST SCARED HE'LL LIKE
THE COUNTRY SO WELL,
WE'LL SETTLE DOWN AND
START A CHICKEN FARM!



WELL, WHADAYUH
KNOW? WE
CAN GET US
A RED
COLONEL!

DON'T BE A CHUMP, SARGE!
LET 'EM GET THE NEW TIRE
ON, THEN WE'LL TAKE OVER
THE JEEP! WHY WALK WHEN
WE CAN RIDE?



TAKE YOUR
PICK,
WILLY!

YOU GET THAT COLONEL!
I'LL CLOBBER
THE OTHERS!







MOMENTS LATER..

IF THOSE TWO ESCAPE, YOU
WILL PAY WITH YOUR LIVES!



GIMME THAT GUN,
I'VE GOT A USE FOR IT!



YOU LOOKING
FOR US BY
ANY CHANCE?

NOT ANY MORE
YOU AREN'T!

BAAAAPPP



WE'D BETTER FIND
THAT WRECK
QUICK, PAL! WE'LL
HAVE HALF THE
RED ARMY ON
OUR TAILS BE-
FORE LONG!

THE MAP
SHOWED IT
UP THAT
VALLEY
AHEAD!



BUT AN HOUR LATER..

WHOW! THIS IS A
BIG COUNTRY,
SARGE! HOWRE
WE GONNA FIND
ONE PIECE OF
AIRPLANE IN
THIS MESS?

SEARCH
ME, BUT...
HEY! LOOK...!



THAT TREETOP GOT
KNOCKED OFF BY
SOMETHING JUST
RECENTLY!

I'LL BET IT WASN'T
BY CANARY BIRDS!
LET'S GO!



THERE IT IS! IT TORE DOWN
THROUGH THAT TALL
TREE AND CRASHED
IN THE GULLY!

LET'S GET
OUR JOB
OVER
WITH!



G.I. COMBAT







Subterranean Ambush

TRYING TO ESCAPE AN UNEXPECTED RED BOMBARDMENT, A G.I. UNIT STATIONED IN A SMALL YUGOSLAVIAN TOWN SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE CELLAR OF A WAREHOUSE... ONLY TO LEARN THAT THEIR FRANTIC EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE HOT FLAMES OF THE COLD WAR HAD THRUST THEM INTO AN UNDERGROUND INFERNO!

LOOK, LIEUTENANT! REDS!
THEY'VE TAKEN REFUGE
HERE FROM THE SHELLIN',
TOO!

GET BACK!
THEY'RE OPENING
FIRE!



IN KNOG, YUGOSLAVIA, AT 10 P.M., ONE COULD USUALLY HEAR A PIN DROP! SO WHEN TWO HEAVY SHELLS FELL SUDDENLY ON THE BORDER VILLAGE, IT WAS ENOUGH TO AROUSE EVEN THE SLEEPY G.I. TO A SENSE OF DANGER!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON? THE HOTTEST POKER SESSION IN THE HISTORY OF PLATOON D IS TAKIN' PLACE INSIDE!

BETTER BREAK IT UP BEFORE THE SHELLS DO! IT'S A BOMBARDMENT!



YOU'RE CRAZY! THERE CAN'T BE A BOMBARDMENT! WE'RE NOT AT WAR!

YOU TELL THAT TO THE REDS, PAL! THEY'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS!



IN A FEW MINUTES, KRNO WAS TURNED INTO A MADHOUSE OF FLEEING INHABITANTS, BURNING BUILDINGS AND TERRIBLE EXPLOSIONS!



S-STAY CALM! KEEP TO ONE SIDE OF THE STREET!

IN THE LOBBY OF THE ONLY HOTEL IN KRNO, THERE WAS EVEN MORE CONFUSION!



ON THE DOUBLE, YOU GUYS! LT. BREWER WANTS US LINED UP IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE IN FIVE MINUTES!

THIS DON'T MAKE SENSE, SARGE! WE AIN'T YUGOSLAVS! IF THE RUMANIAN REDS WANT TO TAKE A SWIPE AT TITO'S TERRITORY, IT AIN'T OUR BUSINESS!

BUT A SHELL ON THAT DUMB SKULL OF YOURS MAKES IT YOUR BUSINESS! THE REDS GOT NO MORE RIGHT TO SHELL KRNO THAN I GOT TO BE KING OF BELUCHISTAN!



BUT THEY'RE *DOIN'* IT!...AN WE AIN'T STANDIN' *BY IDLY*! THE LEUTENANT'LL TELL YOU MORE!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE....

MEN, WE'RE IN A PECULIAR SPOT! WE'RE PART OF A MILITARY MISSION THAT'S HERE TO OBSERVE HOW OUR WESTERN DEFENSE PARTNER, YUGOSLAVIA, DEFENDS ITSELF AGAINST RED AGGRESSION! WE'RE PRACTICALLY **TOURISTS!**



WE'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT CONSTANT RED RAIDS AGAINST THE YUGOSLAV BORDER TOWNS! BUT WE NEVER SAW ANYTHING... TILL TONIGHT!



TONIGHT WE SAW HELPLESS, DEFENSELESS PEOPLE BEING MERCILESSLY SHELLED BECAUSE THE RUMANIAN REDS WANT TO PUNISH THEM FOR LINING UP WITH THE WEST! THEY WANT TO KEEP THE YUGOSLAVS TERRORIZED, HOPING THAT FEAR AND DISCOMFORT WILL MAKE 'EM DESERT THE WEST!



WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! BUT IF TROUBLE COMES LOOKING FOR US, WE WON'T TAKE A RUN-OUT POWDER! SERGEANT KENTON, TAKE HALF THE PLATOON AND ASSIST THE POLICE IN GETTING THE CITIZENS OF KRNO TO PLACES OF SAFETY!

YESSIR! SQUADS ONE AND TWO, COME WITH ME!



SQUADS THREE AND FOUR WILL HELP ME DEFEND KRNO! THE REDS MIGHT NOT BE SATISFIED JUST TO SHELL THE TOWN!

YOU MEAN THEY'LL TRY TO OCCUPY IT, LIEUTENANT?



YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT THESE REDS HAVE IN MIND! TAKE COVER!



INSTEAD OF DECREASING IN FEROCITY, THE BOMBARDMENT GREW HEAVIER... AND MORE DESTRUCTIVE!



W-WE CAN'T STICK AROUND HERE! WE'LL BE BLOWN TO PIECES! TAKE SHELTER! THAT WAREHOUSE LOOKS LIKE THE STRONGEST BUILDING IN TOWN!



YESSIR!

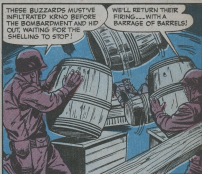


W-WOW! WE DIDN'T LEAVE TOO SOON!

BRAMMM!
BARROOOOMMM!



INTO THE CELLAR! QUICK!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE RUMAN-
IAN REDS SURRENDERED....

IT IS A
SURPRISE
TO SEE
AMERICAN
SOLDIERS
IN THIS
OBSCURE
LITTLE
BORDER
TOWN!

IT'S A BIGGER
SURPRISE TO SEE
YOU! WE'RE ON A
GOOD-WILL TOUR OF
INSPECTION.... BY
INVITATION! YOU
INVADIED KRNO AS
PART OF YOUR VIC-
IOUS COMMIE STRAT-
EGY OF HARRASSING
TITO'S BORDER
TOWNS!



BUT
ENOUGH
TALK!
DIG
YOUR
WAY
OUT OF
THIS
TOWN!



WITH PLEASURE! THE
VERY REASON WHY WE
SOUGHT THE REFUGE
OF THIS CELLAR IS THAT
WE KNOW KRNO WILL
SOON BE OCCUPIED BY
OUR FORCES! BY THE
TIME WE REACH THE
SURFACE, KRNO WILL
BE IN OUR HANDS!

UNLESS YOU SURRENDER
THIS MINUTE, YOU'LL FACE
A FIRING SQUAD WHEN
WE REACH THE SURFACE!
BE SMART.... AND SAVE
YOUR LIVES NOW!



WE'LL TAKE
OUR CHANCES,
COMMIE!
DIG IN!

MINUTES LATER....

LIEUTENANT! I BELIEVE THAT RED
WAS TELLIN' THE TRUTH! THERE
MUST BE MORE REDS POURIN'
INTO TOWN! ELSE WHY WOULD
THEY BE DIGGIN' SO FAST AN'
SO HARD?

I-I DON'T
KNOW,
GARRITY!
I'M WORRIED
MYSELF!



SHORTLY AFTER....

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE,
LIEUTENANT! WE ARE
NEAR THE SURFACE!
SOON YOU WILL PAY
FOR IGNORING MY
WARNING!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!
GARRITY, THE MOMENT WE
BREAK THROUGH, YOU AND
I WILL RECONNOITER!



TEN MINUTES LATER....

GO, LIEUTENANT! TAKE
A GOOD LOOK OUT-
SIDE! YOU WILL ONLY
SEE YOUR DOOM!

NO, COMMIE!
DOOM IS YOURS,
WHATEVER I
SEE! LET'S GO,
GARRITY!



G-GREAT GUNS!
REDS!

GET BACK, GARRITY!
THEY SEE US!



THAT COMMIE CAPTAIN WAS TELLIN' THE **TRUTH!** THE REDS ARE OCCUPYIN' KRNO!

NOT FOR LONG! **THREE** OF YOU STAY BEHIND TO WATCH THESE REDS! WE'LL GO AFTER THE OTHERS!



THAT'S IT, BOYS! DRIVE 'EM BACK TO RUMANIA!



MOMENTS LATER, AS A BITTER STREET BATTLE TOOK PLACE....

LET 'EM KNOW ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT NOBODY'S GOING TO ROLL OVER AND PLAY DEAD FOR 'EM! THEY MAY START SOMETHING... BUT WE'LL FINISH IT!



BLOCK BY BLOCK, BUILDING BY BUILDING, THE G.I.'S ROUTED THE INVADERS FROM THEIR FOOTHOLDS!



BIT BY BIT, THE REDS WERE DRIVEN BACK....



FINALLY, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN....

THEY'RE TURNIN' TAIL! WE LICKED 'EM, LEUTENANT! IT'S THEM THAT'LL REMEMBER THE BOMBARDMENT OF KRNO!



A HALF HOUR LATER, AS YUGOSLAV TROOPS POURED INTO KRNO AND RECEIVED THE REDS WHOSE CELLAR AMBUSH HAD BACK-FIRED....

THANK YOU, LT. BREWER! YOU GAVE THE REDS A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF WHAT THE WEST CAN DO IF IT STANDS TOGETHER AGAINST THE RED THREAT!

THAT'S HOW **WE** FEEL, COLONEL! WE WANT TO TEACH THE REDS THAT... WAR DOES NOT PAY!



TRUMPET of DOOM



KOREA... SPRING, 1952!

MAN, IT'S BEEN QUIET
AROUND HEAH THE LAS'
COUPLE OF WEEKS!

TOO QUIET! YOU CAN
BET YOUR LIFE, FORDIE,
THEM REDS AIN'T HAPPY
WITH US UP HERE LOOKIN'
DOWN THEIR THROATS!



Y'KNOW, STET, THIS
QUIET HINDA MAKES
ME THINK OF HOME!

THAT AIN'T WHAT YOU BEEN
TELLIN' ME FOR THE LAST
TWO YEARS! I THOUGHT
BACK IN NEW ORLEANS YOU
WAS ALWAYS UP ALL NIGHT
BLASTING AWAY ON THAT
TRUMPET OF YOURS!



G.I. COMBAT

YESSUH! UP ALL NIGHT WITH A HOT COMBO... JES' BLOWIN' OUR LIDS! "NEW SOCIETY"... "BASIN STREET BLUES"... AND "WHEN THE SAINTS COME MARCHIN' IN"... JES' LIKE OL' "SATCHMO"!



FORDIE, WHEN WE GET ROTATED OUTA HERE, I'M GOING DOWN TO NEW ORLEANS WITH YOU JUST TO SEE YOU IN ACTION!



YESSUH... THESE OL' FINGERS ARE ITCHIN' TO PLAY A FEW HOT LICKS ON THAT OLD TRUMPET OF MINE! AN' WAIT'L YALL HEAR "FINGERS" DOOLITTLE AND RED BUTTON! MAN, THEY'RE ALL GONE!



I DON'T MEAN THAT KINDA "GONE", I MEAN REAL GONE, MAN... REAL GONE!



BUT A RED SHELL ENDS THE CONVERSATION!



LOOKS LIKE THE REDS GOT A DIFFERENT KIND OF JAM SESSION IN MIND!



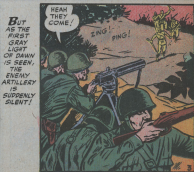
MAN, THEY'RE ALWAYS BUSTIN' IN AT THE WRONGS TIME! DON'T I WISH I WAS BACK IN NEW ORLEANS!



THEY'RE THROWN! EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT!



I KNEW IT WAS TOO QUIET AROUND HERE, FORDIE!







BUT THE TREMENDOUS SUPERIORITY IN NUMBERS OF THE ENEMY SEEMS ABOUT TO TURN AN ORDERLY WITHDRAWAL INTO A COMPLETE ROUTE AND MAJOR BREAK-THROUGH!





MEANWHILE SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS TO FORD'S REAR, GIEG AND THE REMAINS OF THE GALLANT AMERICAN COMPANY FIGHT DESPERATELY TO STEM THE ON-RUSHING TIDE!





WILDFIRE

MARCIA could sense Red's anger when she hired the stranger. But he had good references, the very best when it came to breaking and training horses and she needed a good man on the place. Later when the foreman came to her to complain, she listened patiently. "Miss Marcia, it's always been my job to do the hiring around here. When your pa died, he wanted it that way," said Red Curran. "And now you go hiring a coxpoke nobody knows, without even consulting me." "I'm sorry you weren't consulted, Red," replied Marcia Robbins slowly, "but this man has qualifications we need at the Bar R. He's a rodeo performer and he's agreed to ready Wildfire for the rodeo opening and also to ride him for the Bar R Ranch. If he wins, the purse will bring me the money I need for that payment on the ranch. And you know how very much we need that money." Red looked interested at her explanation, but he loped away without further comment.

The pretty girl's brow wrinkled with worry as she thought of the state things were in. When her father died two years earlier, the ranch had been thriving. Since then she'd been the victim of wholesale cattle rustling, with the thieves backing huge stock trucks up to the edge of her range lands and simply driving the steers in, to be carted off and sold under another brand. Red had posted sentries and the sheriff had organized several posses, but the thieves were too crafty, they seemed to know when to strike. Now the final payment on the Bar R was coming due and she didn't have the money to pay it. The Bar R was a good spread and many a rancher had tried to buy it from her but she clung to her home tenaciously. Her only hope was in making an entry in the rodeo for the Bar R. Red had quit riding two years before, claiming that an old knee injury bothered him, so he couldn't be counted on to bring in the prize money. Now Marcia's hopes were pinned on Brad Tucker, and the bucking, fighting, untrained roan, Wildfire.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Brad Tucker walked up to her. "My gear is all set ma'am," he said. "I'd like to have a look at Wildfire now." She was startled out of her thoughtfulness. "Oh, yes," she said. "I'll take you down. Red's busy in the stable. I guess you've noticed, Brad, that our foreman didn't take it kindly when I hired you." He laughed a little. "Yes, that didn't take much imagination. I'm surprised he doesn't approve of you hiring a rodeo man, though, Miss Marcia. I can recall that Red Curran was a top rodeo name a few years back. He represented your father successfully in all the big shows." Marcia nodded, thoughtfully. "Well, maybe it's sour grapes. He claims an old knee injury keeps him out of the rodeos now and I guess he misses his share of the prize money." They had reached the corral and Wildfire was seen as he was rarely seen, grazing quietly. Brad whistled softly as he viewed the beautiful horse.

Brad Tucker worked daily with Wildfire, Marcia arranged for him to be exempted from all other ranch work so he could concentrate on training the handsome stallion. Red Curran smoldered under this usurpation of his authority, but he had little to say to Tucker, though many times, Marcia observed him watching carefully as Brad patiently put the horse through his paces.

Finally the rodeo announcements began to appear all over the countryside and there was wide-spread talk about the reappearance of the Phantom Rider. He was the winner in the big rodeo the year before with a black stallion that stole the show. But he refused to give his name or show his face and the fact that he was scheduled to appear again this year, caused many of the more timid entries to drop out. Marcia asked Brad how he felt about competing against the Phantom Rider. "It doesn't make much difference who enters, Miss Marcia," replied Brad confidently. "With Wildfire, I'm sure we can win for the Bar R and then all your worries will be over." "Maybe they'll just be beginning," interrupted Red as he came around the side of the house. "You sound pretty lucky for a man who's going to compete with the Phantom Rider. I'll be up in these stands watching with interest, Tucker." And he turned on his heel and walked away.

From then on, Brad slept in the stable near Wildfire, but he didn't mention his suspicions to Marcia Robbins because he knew she believed Red's attitude was because he could no longer ride in the shows. Brad's watchfulness paid off two nights before the rodeo when he was awakened by someone stealthily creeping up on him. He was lying on his back, his eyes almost closed when the man bent over him. Through his lashes, Brad could see that he was masked and he held a knife. Without hesitating further, he suddenly drew back his knees and booted the intruder violently. He flew backwards, cursing, but had regained his feet by the time Brad was up. In the fight that followed, Brad was doing all right until a crack on the head came from behind. He sagged out of the picture. He came to, a short while later, trussed up with ropes and lying out by the corral. He was frantic because he could hear faint movements in the stable and he was afraid of what the invaders might do to Wildfire. He didn't want to shout and attract their attention so he whinnied, plaintively and long. Brad called on a childhood hobby of animal imitations to attract Marcia Robbins' attention. He recalled her interest in Wildfire and he hoped against hope that if she heard the sounds, she'd come to the corral to see if Wildfire were out at this late hour. His attempts were rewarded moments later, when clad in a robe, Marcia came hurrying out to the corral. He attracted her attention and as she excitedly released him, he told her what had happened in the stable. They reached it in time to see a man about to plunge a hypodermic into the flanks of Wildfire, while another masked man held tightly to the reins to steady the nervous horse. Brad didn't wait to get a gun, he dived for the man about to injure the horse. The fight was more even after he tossed the man's gun to Miss Marcia and she trained it on the entire group. It didn't take long to unmask Red Curran, nor to extricate a full confession of cattle rustling under the threat of a further beating. He was turned in to the sheriff along with the members of his gang.

Brad rode Wildfire in the Big Rodeo and won for the Bar R. The phantom rider didn't appear, he was resting in jail, contemplating his broken plans of winning the prize money and of breaking Marcia Robbins as a ranch owner and taking over the Bar R spread for his own. Wildfire is now one of the most famous rodeo horses in the west and the prosperous Bar R has a new foreman.

G.I. COMBAT

The SECRET RED GUNS

SERGEANT HARRIS WAS A VERY SUSPICIOUS GUY! ESPECIALLY WHEN IT CAME TO **COMMIE TRICKERY!** BUT FOR ONCE IN HIS DOUBTING LIFE, HARRIS SHOULD HAVE LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE! FOR HARRIS THRUST HIS FOOT INTO **DEEP** TROUBLE WHEN HE STUMBLED ACROSS THE SECRET RED ARTILLERY!



SERGEANT RUTHERFORD B. HARRIS HAD THE REPUTATION OF BEING BOTH THE TOUGHEST AND KINDEST TOPKICK IN SOUTH KOREA! AFTER MARCHING THE LEGS OFF HIS PLATOON IN A DAY-LONG DRILL....

H-HEY, SARGE! WERE DYIN' OF THIRST! HAVE MERCY!

OKAY! MAYBE I HAVE BEEN PUSHING YOU TOO HARD! THERE'S CHIN'S FARM OVER THERE! CHIN'S A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT CHIN'S FARM....

IT IS ALWAYS MUCH PLEASURE TO GREET OLD FRIEND!

AND VICE VERSA, CHIN! THANKS FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY TOWARD MY BOYS! I REALLY GAVE 'EM A WORKOUT THIS MORNING!



W-WORK-OUTS? BUT THE NORTH AND SOUTH OF KOREA ARE NO LONGER AT WAR! WHY MUST YOUR TROOPS TRAIN SO HEAVILY?

BECAUSE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN...ANY TIME! THAT'S WHY UNCLE SAM'S BOYS ARE HANGING AROUND, CHIN! TO HELP YOU SOUTH KOREANS IN CASE THE REDS LAUNCH ANOTHER INVASION!



THAT'S WHY DETACHMENTS OF UN TROOPS ARE STILL IN KOREA, CHIN! THE DEMOCRACIES DON'T TRUST THE NORTH KOREANS! HARDLY A DAY GOES BY THAT THE REDS DON'T INVADE YOUR BORDER AND HARASS SOUTH KOREAN POSITIONS!



YOU ARE JOKING ME, SERGEANT! I REMEMBER YEARS AGO... DURING KOREAN WAR! YOU ALWAYS MADE PRACTICAL JOKES!

MAYBE SO, CHIN! BUT THOSE REDS ARE NOTHING TO LAUGH ABOUT! THEY KEEP LOOKING FOR TROUBLE! THEY'LL TRY ANYTHING TO HURT US!



SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE PLATOON HEADED BACK TO ITS BASE...

YOU STOP WORKING ABOUT REDS, HARRIS! REDS ARE LIKE CONWARDLY DOGS! THEY BARK LOUD... BUT THEY DO NOT BITE!

YOU'RE WRONG, CHIN! THEY BITE WHEN YOUR BACK IS TURNED! GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR SPRING CROPS!



DO ALL SOUTH KOREANS FEEL SO SAFE ABOUT THE REDS, SARGE?

OF COURSE NOT, JENSEN! CHIN IS ONE OF THOSE HUMAN BEINGS WHO IS SO BASICALLY GOOD. HE THINKS THE REST OF HUMANITY IS LIKE HIMSELF! SOME DAY HE'LL LEARN THE REDS HAVE SECEDED FROM THE HUMAN RACE!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE U.S. BORDER DEFENSE BASE AT LIANG...

W-WHAT'S THAT?

BOMBS!



IT CAN'T BE, SARGE! I DON'T HEAR ANY PLANES!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'RE BEING SHELLED!



MOMENTS LATER...

WHAT'S GOING ON, CAPTAIN?

DASHED IF I KNOW, HARRIS! BUT THESE SHELLS DIDN'T DROP BY THEMSELVES OUT OF NOWHERE!



AN HOUR LATER...

I HEAR THE C.O. PHONED NORTH KOREAN HEADQUARTERS! BUT THE REDS SAY THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHIN' ABOUT THE SHELLIN'!

A LIKELY STORY! I'M WILLING TO BET SIX MONTHS PAY THAT THE COMMIES ARE BEHIND IT! WHO ELSE WANTS TO MAKE LIFE MISERABLE FOR US?



AT 5 A.M., THAT SAME MORNING...

I-IT'S STARTED AGAIN!

GIVE ME THE C.O.! QUICK!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE DRILL YARD...

IT MUST BE THE REDS, SARGE! THEY'RE LOBBIN' THEM SHELLS IN FROM ACROSS THE BORDER! THE ARMISTICE LINE'S ONLY FIVE MILES AWAY!

YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT, JENSEN! THE COMMIES ENJOY ANY DISCOMFORT THEY CAN CAUSE US!



LATER THAT MORNING, IN THE C.O.'S OFFICE...

WELL, GENTLEMEN...THE MYSTERY'S SOLVED! PARTLY, ANYWAY! THE SHELLS DIDN'T COME FROM ACROSS THE BORDER! OUR BALLISTICS EXPERTS, AFTER EXAMINING THE SHELL FRAGMENTS, FIND THAT THE GUNS WHICH FIRED THE SHELLS HAVE A RANGE OF ONLY FOUR MILES!



F-FOUR MILES? THAT PLACES THE REP GUNS SOMEWHERE INSIDE SOUTH KOREAN TERRITORY!

EXACTLY, HARRIS! THESE HIDDEN GUNS ARE FIRING INTERMITTENTLY INTO OUR POSITION! THEY'VE ALREADY CAUSED MUCH DAMAGE TO OUR DEPOTS AND INSTALLATIONS!



SOMEWHERE WITHIN A RADIUS OF FOUR MILES FROM LIANG ARE THE SECRET REP GUNS! YOUR JOB, GENTLEMEN, IS TO FIND THEM AND SILENCE THEM!



TWO HOURS LATER, AS SERGEANT HARRIS LED HIS PLATOON OUT OF THE BASE....

THE BACK-BITING CRUMBS! THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN! THEY MUST'VE PENETRATED OUR LINES DURING THE NIGHT!

BUT THEY'RE PLAYING A LOSING GAME, TEN-SEN! AS LONG AS THE REDS KEEP FIRING THEIR GUNS, ONE OF OUR PATROLS IS SURE TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO PIN-POINT THEIR EMPLACEMENT! COME ON!



BUT WHEN HOURS OF SEARCH DISCLOSED NOTHING....

WE'LL SPREAD OUR DRAGNET MORE WIDELY! WE'LL COMB THESE WOODS DOWN TO THE LAST SQUARE INCH OF DIRT! EVERY MAN IS ON HIS OWN! IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, FIRE A FLARE!



AS THE MINUTES PASSED INTO HOURS AND THE HOURS PASSED INTO DARKNESS, SGT HARRIS' PATROL BEAT THE BRUSH, LEAVING NO LEAF UNTURNED....



NOR WAS SERGEANT HARRIS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN HIS MEN! AS NIGHTFALL CAME, HE EVEN BEGAN TO WONDER WHETHER HE'D BEEN DREAMING THE SHELLING OF THE NIGHT BEFORE!

MAYBE WE'RE ALL CRAZY! MAYBE THE SHELLING DIDN'T EVEN HAPPEN! I HAVEN'T HEARD ANY FIRING ALL AFTERNOON! MAYBE THOSE BALLISTICS EXPERTS ARE WRONG! MAYBE THE REDS ARE FIRING FROM ACROSS THE BORDER!



HMMM...CHIN'S CHICKENS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE! THE COWS HAVEN'T BEEN BROUGHT INTO THE BARN! I'VE NEVER SEEN CHIN SO NEGLECTFUL BEFORE!



WHAT'S GOING ON, CHIN? YOUR FARM IS NEGLECTED! YOUR COWS ARE UNYOKED! YOUR CHICKENS ARE RUNNING WILD!

I-I KNOW, HARRIS! PATROLS HAVE BEEN PASSING BY ALL AFTERNOON! THEY TOLD ME THE SAME THING! BUT MY WIFE IS SICK! ER...I MUST GO BACK TO HER! SHE NEEDS MY ATTENTION!



WAIT, CHIN! AREN'T YOU GOING TO INVITE ME IN? I'M BUSY! WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING THE WOODS ALL DAY FOR SOME REDS WHO MIGHT'VE SLIPPED OVER THE BORDER!

I-I KNOW! BUT I CANNOT HELP YOU! I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THESE GUNS...AND MY WIFE NEEDS ME! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!



SOMETHING'S WRONGS! I'VE KNOWN CHIN SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE KOREAN WAR! NEVER HAVE I SEEN HIM SO UPSET, SO PALE, SO UNHOSPITABLE! MAYBE HE'S GOT GOOD REASON TO BE NERVOUS!



HOURS LATER, AS TOTAL DARKNESS DESCENDED...

ALL THE PATROLS MUST BE BACK AT THE BASE NOW, MAKING THEIR REPORTS! BROTHER HARRIS, IF SOMETHING IS WRONG, YOU MIGHT'VE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHIN! THERE'S NO WAY TO CONTACT THE BASE IN CASE OF TROUBLE! HELLO! SOMEBODY'S MOVING AROUND THE FARM!



REDS! DRESSED AS SOUTH KOREAN PEASANTS! NO WONDER THEY SNEAKED OVER THE BORDER! THEY COULD'VE SECRETED THEIR GUNS IN OX-CARTS!



THE CUNNING RASCALS! THEY HIDE THEIR GUNS IN CHIN'S BARN AND DRAG 'EM OUT WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR! THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING CHIN! HE WAS AW WITH THE REDS ALL THE TIME!



SO I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE REDS! HUH! HOW CHIN MUST'VE BEEN LAUGHING UP HIS SLEEVE AT ME!



OKAY, RAISE 'EM! YOU'VE FIRED YOUR LAST SHOT!

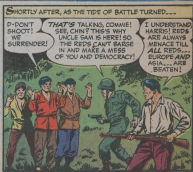
W-WE ARE DISCOVERED! FIRE! FIRE!

LOOK! A YANKEE!



SO IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT? I'M WILLING!





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IT'S
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FUN!

MOLD IT...



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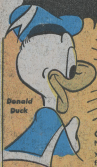
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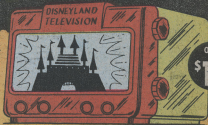
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- 3 Peter Pan in Fantasyland
- 4 Goofy in Frontierland
- 5 Donald Duck in Tomorrowland

PLUS

- 6 Davy Crockett on the Alamo
- 7 Davy Crockett Fights the Creek Indians
- 8 Davy Crockett and the Boy



Mickey Mouse



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Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4 1/2 inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

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"What a difference! Have put 3 1/2 inches on my chest (normal) and 2 1/2 inches expanded."

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"You changed me from a weakling to a real hero. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

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Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

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